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Judge

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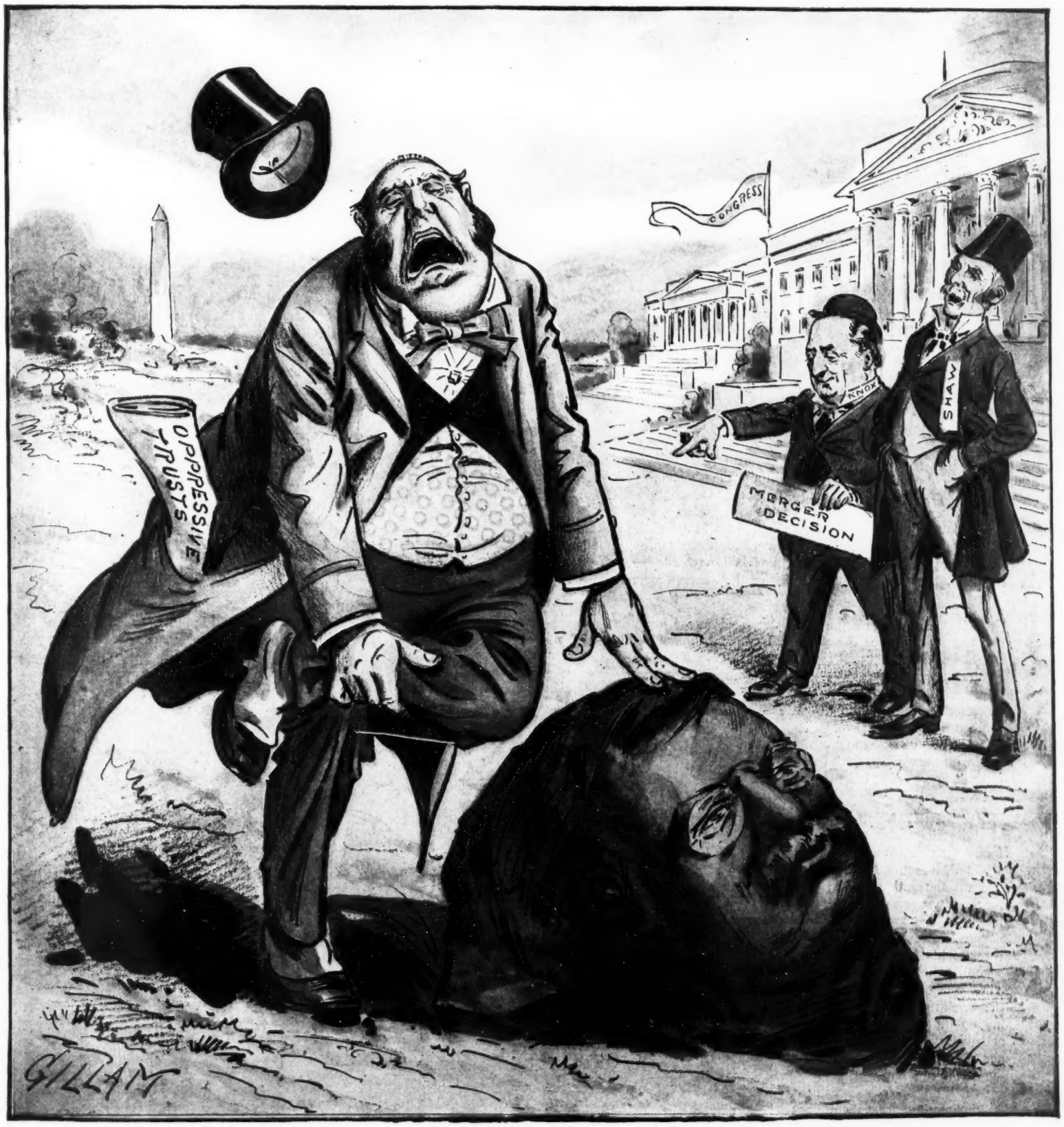

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OUCH!

Judge

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IN THE BRIGHT and shining lexicon of political candidates, many are boomed and few escape being boomeranged.

* * *

THERE MAY BE a slight basis of truth in the light and airy statement that Russia is in a general way meeting with a continuous Waterloo-ovitch.

* * *

THE rolling meadow 's myrtled,
The pond is snapping-turtled,
And in the breeze
And o'er the trees
The baseball 's swiftly hurtled;
And now the tar-ball constitutes the stuff
That quick unmoths the overcoat and muff.

* * *

AT THE PRESENT TIME the very tomb itself cannot compete for all-round, murky silence with old Uncle David Peanut Hill and have anything like a fair chance of capering away with the larger end of the purse in its jeans.

* * *

THE violet 's beginning to empurple all the green,
The Bagdad rug is thumped the while it's hanging o'er the line;
The very frisky lambkin in his finest skip is seen,
The coal-fiend unbaronial begins to mope and pine;
And while the merry simian projects himself in glee
Against the blinds and window-sill for shekels through the town,
The goatie tells us 'tis the spring while in rare ecsta-see,
And proves it by the bockful mug that wears a foaming crown.

* * *

THE DEMOCRATS have so mediocre a set of statecraft champions from which to choose a ticket that it might not be inconsistent with good taste to suggest to the vast aggregation of press-agents, managers and keepers of the Jeffersonian contingent to toss up their favorites and to fill out both ends of the ticket in accordance with the way in which they come down—head or tail.

* * *

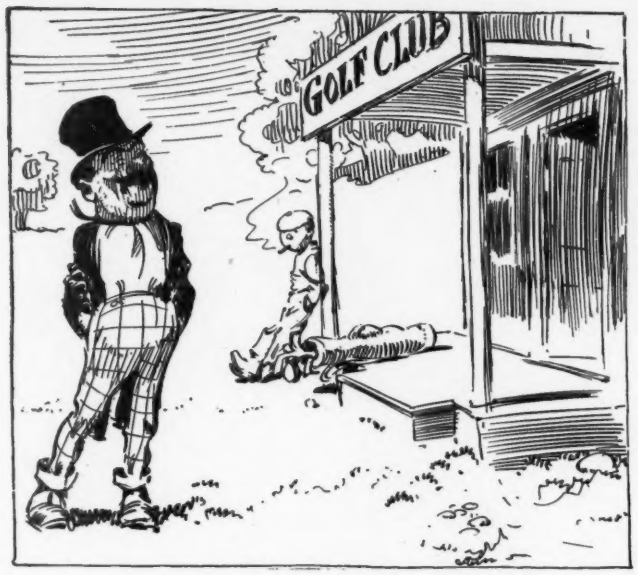
THE SHERMAN anti-trust law is a veritable stumbling-block for all the champions of monopoly, and, like the brick placed beneath the antique silken tile for the unwary wayfarer to kick, it causes the projector of the hostile toe to gather that member into his hand for the massage that mollifies and soothes. These soldiers of graft and get-rich-quick methods are now lifting up their hands in anguish and their voices in lamentation, and the picture presented by these parasites and sycophants, as they do their calisthenic, welkin-splitting act, is entirely satisfactory to all law-abiding people who realize the cause of their unmelodious discomfiture. Their howls of impotent fury which now freight the air should at least have the effect of disclosing their ideas of right and wrong to all people who can see daylight through a headless barrel. Mr. Roosevelt has again distinguished himself as a fearless champion of right who is indifferent to all the penalties involved in the antagonizing of political pirates and guerrillas. He is extremely fortunate in having incurred the ill-will of such creatures, who will always have good cause to regard him as a thorn in the flesh, and never as a feather in the cap. When the cave of echo shall give back the strident and nerve-splitting "ouch" of the grafter it will be as æolian melody to the ears of all honest men.

* * *

THE FRIENDLY FEELING that exists, and has existed for some time, between John Bull and Uncle Sam is a relationship that is anything but satisfactory to Russia, Germany and France, and they writhe and perspire and look like people who have but lately risen, not from beds of roses, but from couches whose envelopes have been generously strewn with the crackers of commerce in a granulated form. They are perturbed and uneasy, and full to the proverbial brim of wistfulness and anxiety. They regard it as a most important move to separate and estrange these worthies, and to keep them apart by hook or crook. A familiar picture, illustrative of the spirit of peace which is common to civilized beings, is that of one man trying to pull apart two men each of whom is using his finest art and energy in an attempt to annihilate the other. But the picture of a man, or men, trying to separate two that are desirous only of keeping and sticking together in the bonds of friendship is one that certainly enjoys the novelty of being unusual, not to say unique. The chances are, however, that John Bull and Uncle Sam will keep in friendly touch, irrespective of the combined efforts of France, Germany and Russia to pull and keep them apart. If these countries would but attend to their own affairs they would have their hands full and overflowing. If Russia wants to do some separating that will be to her lasting good, she should lose no time in separating herself from the Jap, who is now giving her a continuous thrashing and making her look small and insignificant, not to say like the proverbial seven cents of our bright and breezy vernacular.

FAMILY PRIDE.

LIZZIE—"Aw, say! me sister Mag 's got Paderewski skinned ter death as a pianist—an' she never took a lesson."
CHIMMIE—"Hully gee! Me big brudder Mike hez got 'em all fried to a crisp on de violin—an' he made his own violin, too, outen a soap-box an' some leather shoe-strings."



1.

NERVY NAT—"Ah, a golf-club! There seems to be none of my smart-set friends about to put me up, so I will have to propose myself, and yon obliging caddy will no doubt second me. 'Tis a sport I have too long neglected."

2.

THE CADDY—"Say, mister, yer lid makes a corkin' tee, don't it?"

NERVY NAT—"Trust your Uncle Nat for the bright thoughts, my boy! It will seem to that ball as if it had been struck by the whole Northern Pacific system."

3.

THE CADDY—"Gee, mister! yer swiped yer lid an' all."

NERVY NAT—"Sacred niblicks! look at that bonnet cut the ozone! As I live, it has lit on the horns of a bullock! Boy, to the rescue! My one and only hat!"

4.

NERVY NAT—"Nice bully! Come and give Nat his hat—that's a dear little animal! Don't be afraid of me—I won't hurt you!"

5.

NERVY NAT—"It seems to be tag, and I'll soon be 'it.' Golf is a livelier game than I supposed. It is b-b-bully! But I believe 'bridge' would suit me better. It's not so exciting, perhaps, but it's much safer. Gee! that brute is gaining on me. Good-bye, proud world"——

6.

NERVY NAT—"You want to stop smoking—it makes you peevish. I beat you, anyway. The score is 'one up,' and I'm the 'one.' I'm greatly obliged for my hat and the exercise, and all that sort of thing. And if you will kindly go along and mind your own business you will place me under deeper obligations."

NO. 20.—NERVY NAT ON THE LINKS.

THE NEW SLEEP-PROMOTER.

(Electricity is now used to promote sleep. By passing a certain current through the brain a few minutes the subject is as much restored and refreshed as if he had slept all night.—*Exchange paper.*)

OUR age is fast (that's
its mistake);
We all keep too
much wide-
awake.
Something to
make life's
pace more
slow
This sleepless
world would
like to know.

Therefore it's well
to learn to-
day
A sure cure for
insomni-a.
It's this: To carry where we go
Sleep's new-found, soothing dy-
namo.

When stocks go up, or else go down,
Or "strikes" prevail throughout
the town,
And weary us in mind and brain,
We cannot rest, and suffer pain.

But here comes science to our aid
To help the hurts from toil and
trade;
Its milliamperes thrill us through
Each cell till we're as good as new.

When sermons do not dozy keep,
But fail to put the pews to sleep,
Just touch this marvelous dynamo,
And off to slumberland they go.

Our fellow-creature, called "the
bore,"
Who meets us daily more and more,
This instrument should from us
keep
By rarely intermitted sleep.

For while he has his own full way,
His presence causes dire dismay;
And, whether large or small, his
brain
Inflicts upon us tiresome pain.

Oh, there are things more than we
know
Just longing for this dynamo—
Plagues that its power should make
surcease
And give us all good health and
peace. JOEL BENTON.

APPROPRIATE.

"WHAT are you doing?" asks the husband, watching his wife snipping into some goods with her scissors.

"Cutting out my spring suit."

He laughs merrily at her.

"Good joke on you," he says. "You have mistaken a map of the war in Manchuria for the pattern."

"It will not make so much difference," she smiles, putting some more pins in her mouth. "It is to have a Russian-blouse effect."

WAS SHE IN DANGER?

SHE—"I will scream if you kiss me."
HE—"Then I won't kiss you."
SHE—"But—er—I feel just like screaming, anyway."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ANNA LAUGHLIN IN THE "WIZARD OF OZ."

When we look upon your picture
We instanter gladly plank
Down the shekels most serenely
That the tickets quickly yank.

And when we observe your beauty
And your acting do we sing,
With apologies to Hamlet,
This fair player 's just the thing.

WHOLESALE MINING.

"GOLD is often found in the gizzards of birds shot in the Klondike," observed the man who reads the interesting notes in the papers.

"Yes," said the other man; "and if I were seeking gold I believe I would rather train some of those birds than hire miners."

"Why?"

"Because the miner gets the gold in quartz, but the bird finds it by pecks."

"HE proposed by letter, then?"

"Yes; and such a beautiful letter! She thought he must have taken a correspondence course in love-making."

DEYBREAK.

THE dey of Goolochistan was endeavoring to acquire knowledge of the great American game of poker. Assiduous student that he was, he seemed unable to assimilate the salient features. At last he threw down his cards, pushed back his chair, and said he could not play any longer.

"Why not?" asked one of his teachers.

The dey simply waved his hand before him, indicating the expanse of clear table where a few hours before he had placed his money. Then the teacher began to see light. The significance of the gesture dawned upon him.

"The dey is broke," he mused, in one sense ungrammatically, but, withal, succinctly.

A SHOW-GIRL.

IF THAT Panama canal could only be dug elsewhere and shipped where it is needed its construction would not be delayed.

DREADFUL!

RICARDO—"Some one stole the star ballet-girl's wrist-bag, and it caused a dreadful commotion."
EDOWARDO—"How so?"
RICARDO—"Why, it contained her costume!"

A "COOL" REPLY.

PA (*from dining-room*)—"Is it too 'close' in there for you and the young man, Ethel?"
ETHEL—"No, pa; not for comfort."

UNPROTECTED.

THE stage-manager catches one of the actors smoking behind the scenes.

"Here! you can't smoke on the stage," he says.

"What's the odds? The scenery is fire-proof."

"But you're not."

As the actor discovered when he got his two-weeks' notice.

DIFFERENT MATTER.

THOUGH the under dog attracts us,
All our sympathy it knocks
When we find the smallest berries
In the bottom of the box.

A PHILOSOPHER.

Elder Dippem—"Brudder Smiff, what fo' yo' allus a-singin'?"

Brother Smith—"Ter keep mah mind f'um dwellin' on mah thoughts."

AN IDYL OF THE STREET.

IT WAS in Broadway at the cab-stand by Greeley square. A foolish questioner, who belonged to the great aggregation of the blind to the obvious, came by. She paused and approached a cabman on his box.

"Are you the driver of the cab?" she asked.

The cabman was cynical, as cabmen grow to be in their profession.

"No, ma'am," he responded, with a dipping motion of his bent index-finger toward the animal in the shafts. "That's the driver; I'm the horse."

Only a seasoned cabman could have done it as he did, and the lady, with an indignant sniff, woke up.

IND., THE HOME OF LIT.

"WE FIND here the expression, 'All the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.,'" said the teacher. "Of what did the wealth of Ind. consist?"

"Book royalties," answered the blond sophomoress, who had a copy of "When Brightwood Was on Fire," concealed in her desk.

THE autocrat of all the Russias was standing in moody silence by the gate of the winter palace.

"What are you going to do about the Japs?" we inquired with the profound sympathy of an old friend.

"Thumpeloutovem," he replied in the difficult language of his country. Presently comprehending his reply, we wondered if he really would.

A DIVIDEND.

CONDUCTOR—"I got your fare before, sir."
PASSENGER—"I know. This nickel is for the company."

A SMOKER'S JOY.

I WALK the quiet thoroughfare
As if on breezy springs,
And blow serenely in the air
These flor del fumar rings.

I see them slowly drift away
While I cavort in style
And heave my chest in manner gay
And wear a happy smile.

And as my arms about me fly
And in the zephyr wave
They envy me the weed that I
Puff on the purple pave.

And yet I have a little joke
While on my way I dive—
The flor del fumars that I smoke
Are always "three for five."

AN IMPROVEMENT NOTED.

"AND how is your husband now, Mrs. Nubride?"

"He's better, thank you. A few weeks ago he was terribly run down, but he's recovered enough to eat health-foods again."

MUST GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.

MRS. COHEN—"Oh, Jacob! I can't hold on a minute longer."
MR. COHEN—"You must, Repecca! Ve are paying feefty cents an hour for dis blame boat. Remember dot!"

ON THE HOBOKEN SHORE.

HERE all the day I sit
And not a fish will bite.
Although the minutes flit,
It's far away to night.

I won't give up the ship—
I am not built that way;
And though the bob won't dip
I'll stick it out all day.

I know if on my string
One fish I'd hang in glee
That patience is the thing
To yank the victo-ree.

AN OLD SALT'S OBSERVATIONS.

MOST explanations is no good. I looked in the dictionary to find out about fiddler crabs. I found out that they wasn't re'lly fiddler crabs, but gelasimus pugilators. Then I looked up gelasimus, an' I found out that it was Greek, an' meant somethin' about laughin'. I also found out that fiddler crabs didn't have no posterior pleurobranchiæ, and that anteriors of the same thing was mostly missin' from 'em. Furthermore, th' book said that th' two pairs of pleurobranchiæ vestigial was also wholly absent from th' critters. Now, that was honest, wasn't it?

"EXTRA! ANOTHER JAPANESE VICTORY!"

There was a sailor who went with me for a number of v'yages, an' as good a man to work as ever I had on my ship; but he would grumble. One v'yage I'd had her all refitted. I tell you, th' Lyddy's fo'c'sle was a palace. There wasn't no work to speak of to do, for th' weather was fine. I see he was unhappy, an' guessed th' reason was that there simply wasn't nothin' he could kick about. He got real downhearted over it. But one mornin' he seemed pretty cheerful an' begun to cuss as natural as life. Oh, he was a-kickin' to beat th' band! I asked him what th' matter was, an' he growled out, "I'm goin' to quit th' sea. There ain't no use of bein' a sailor. Th' seaman 's allus th' under dog!" "Why?" says I. "Look at th' farmers," says he, "an' see what they git from th' government!" "What do they git that you don't git?" I asks. "Rural free delivery of mail!" he says; an' was as happy as a clam a-groanin' about it for th' hull rest of th' v'yage.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

WHAT HE MEANT.

"You said this horse would trot like the wind—and his lungs are all gone."
"Well, I meant he would 'blow hard' if he trotted."

AN ONION-RAISER.

MY water-bill is something great,
Yet he who for the reason seeks
Finds that it won't evaporate—
I have a garden full of leeks.

ARRIVED.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"So your husband thinks his position in society is now secure?"

Mrs. Newrich—"Yes. He is so sure about it that he has stopped hiring a dress-suit and is having one made to order."

EVENED UP.

"I HAVE five wives who seem as one,"
The Mormon witness said
Upon the stand in Washington,
And stroked his shining head.

"I have one wife," a hearer sighed—
"Just one; but, man alive!
Whenever her firm will 's defied
I swear she seems like five."

MORE RELIABLE.

Mrs. Nurich—"I can't see how a doctor can tell how sick a patient is by merely feeling his pulse."

Mr. Nurich—"Nor I. He could determine much quicker by feeling the patient's purse."

SURE SIGNS.

NOW smiles the hyacinthine spring
Upon the breezy plain,
And upward in the sunshine wing
And bob, and not in vain,
The morning glory on the string,
The monkey on the chain.

ITS EFFECTS.

VISITOR—"What's the matter with this one?"
ATTENDANT—"Poor fellow! He's been reading the war news and trying to pronounce the names."

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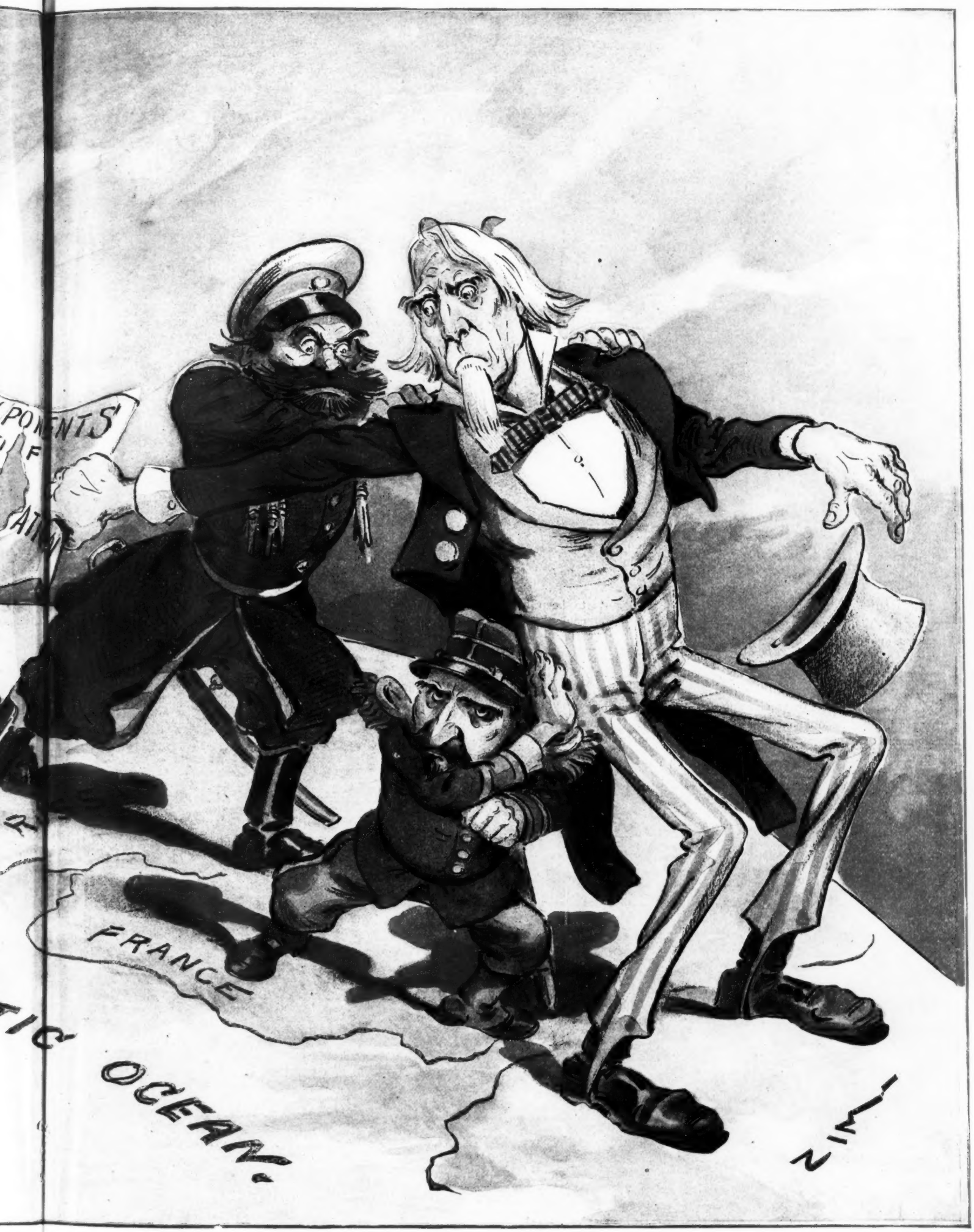
IF THEY ONLY COULD THEY WO



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EY WOULD—FORCE THEM APART.

WORSE YET.

"MY DEAR," said Mr. Penheck timidly, pausing in his occupation of dusting the chandelier, "did you mail those letters I asked you to post for me?"

"Of course I did," answered Mrs. Penheck, who was deep in her perusal of the evening paper.

"It is strange," commented Mr. Penheck, with a touch of doubt in his tone, "that I haven't received any answers yet. One of the letters was to Brother William, and"——

"Maybe somebody forgot to mail the answers," interrupted Mrs. Penheck. "Don't always be hinting that I am the only woman on earth who forgets to mail letters."

"I am not hinting, my angel," faltered Mr. Penheck as he started toward the kitchen; "but I certainly think it strange"——

"Now, just wait," ordered Mrs. Penheck, dropping her paper. "Let's get this all straightened out right now. I don't want those letters bobbing up at every meal for the next month. When did you give them to me to mail?"

"It was either last Monday or Wednesday"——

"Good heavens, man! don't you know what day it was?"

"I am trying to decide. I can't remember whether I wrote them after I had hung out the clothes or after I had finished the ironing."

"It must have been after you finished the ironing. You evidently had them on your mind while you were ironing, for my white-duck skirts are simply not fit to wear to business."

"Well, whenever it was, I remember I made some memoranda on my desk-calendar. That will prove it," Mr. Penheck said with a triumphant smile, going to his own little desk in the corner of the room. "Why, here are the letters!" he cried. "I must have forgotten to hand them to you."

"I guess you did!" sniffed Mrs. Penheck; "I guess you did! I do think it is time you were learning to know your own mind, Henry."

"But I"—— began Mr. Penheck.

"But nothing! Am I to eat at home this evening or go to a restaurant? Next thing I know you'll be accusing me of forgetting to eat my dinner when you have forgotten to put it on the table."

Mr. Penheck hurried to the kitchen, while his wife added the disputed letters to a bunch of others which were in her ample pocket, and which she had forgotten to mail.

"I'll post the whole batch on my way to the office in the morning," she said, "and then Henry will get enough letters in reply to keep his mind off my summer clothes until the weather gets cooler."

RICH TASTES.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"John, I think baby has swallowed my pearl necklace."
MR. NEWLYWED—"Gad! You seem determined to bring that young one up with the tastes of a millionaire's child."

WHY HOMER ONLY NODDED.

HOMER nodded. Resenting his curtness, the members of the woman's literary club lifted their chins in the air and passed on coldly.

"I can't help it," mused Homer, dipping his pen in the ink again and resuming work on his poem. "If I should smile and bow the whole crowd would cross the street and demand autographs."

LIVED THROUGH IT.

FRAYED FAGIN—"Kin a lobster live in fresh water?"
TORN THOMPSON—"Sure! Weary Willie, here, took a bath once an' it didn't kill him."

A HEAVENLY VISION.

Through the creviced cabin
Where "Uncle" Jason sleeps,
In proof of spring approaching,
A gentle zephyr creeps.

"Uncle" Jason lightly
Stirs within his dreams,
And on his visage brightly
A grin of pleasure gleams.

For through the veil of slumber
That's o'er his spirit spread
There breaks a vision magic
Of "watermillions" red!
New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AN EXQUISITE FLAVORING

for lemonade, water-ices, grape-fruit, sherry and all fancy drinks is Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

"See here!" cried the dyspeptic patron, "this coffee is cold."

"Sure!" replied the waiter. "Dis is a quick-lunch joint. If de coffee wuz hot you wouldn't have time ter drink it."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

In need of a tonic? Take Abbott's Angostura, the king of tonics. At grocers' and druggists'.

Friend—"If your washerwoman charges by the piece it must be rather expensive."

Young housekeeper—"Oh, no. She loses so many things that her bills are never high."—*New York Weekly.*

THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., *Sole Proprietors*
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

"We can't afford to recognize them. Their ancestors were in trade."

"Weren't ours?"

"Of course; but our trade ancestors are two generations further back than theirs."—*Chicago Post.*

Dandruff

Men once a week, women once in two weeks, should wash the head with a copious lather of warm water and **Glenn's Sulphur Soap.** It will remove and keep out dandruff. Be sure and get

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

25c. a cake at all drug stores, or mailed for 30c. by THE CHARLES N. CRITTENTON CO., 115 Fulton St., New York.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50 cts.

A TIRED BROTHER.

Don't want ter blow no trumpet—
Ter wear no heavy crown,
W'en I gits up dar in glory
Whar de saints is loafin' 'roun';
But, ef dey'll only let me
Say what fer me is bes',
I'll creep in some cool corner
En des lay down en res'!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

By an original and improved method of constructing the frame, the far-famed Sohmer Piano acquires extraordinary strength, and is enabled to sustain the enormous tensional strain of the strings.

Mr. B.—"Did you take any money out of my pockets last week, my dear? I've missed a roll of bills."

Mrs. B.—"Yes, Charlie, I did. You know they say that old bills are so full of bacteria it isn't safe to carry them at all; and they were all awfully old ones."

Mr. B.—"And did you sterilize them thoroughly?"

Mrs. B.—"I think I did."

Mr. B.—"How?"

Mrs. B.—"Why, I exchanged them at the tailor's for a new spring suit."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ARMY TRIALS.

AN INFANTRYMAN'S LONG SIEGE.

This soldier's tale of food is interesting.

During his term of service in the 17th Infantry in Cuba and Philippines, an Ohio soldier boy contracted a disease of the stomach and bowels which all army doctors who treated him pronounced incurable, but which Grape-Nuts food alone cured:

"In October, 1899, when my enlistment expired, I was discharged from the army at Calulute, Philippines, and returned to the States on the first available steamer that left Manila. When I got home I was a total wreck physically, and my doctor put me to bed saying he considered me the worst broken-down man of my age he ever saw, and after treating me six months he considered my case beyond medical aid.

"During the fall and winter of 1900 and '01 I was admitted to the Barnes Hospital in Washington, D. C., for treatment for chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels, but after five months returned home as bad as ever.

"I continued taking medicine until February, 1902, when reading a newspaper one day I read about Grape-Nuts, and was so impressed I sent out for a package right away.

"The result is quickly told, for I have used Grape-Nuts continually ever since with the best results; my health is so I can do a fair day's hard work, stomach and bowels are in good condition, have gained forty pounds in weight, and I feel like a new man altogether.

"I owe my present good health to Grape-Nuts beyond all doubt, for medical science was exhausted." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Had he consulted any one of several thousand physicians we know of they would have prescribed Grape-Nuts immediately.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St. Only salesroom in Greater New York.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

No Better Turkish Cigarette can be made

CORK TIPS OR PLAIN

Look for Signature of S. ANARGYROS

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you;
Never worry worry till worry comes your way;
Never waste your efforts when there's nothing you can do,
And remember that to-morrow will not be yesterday.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"So you are an advocate of vegetarianism?"

"Yes."

"For what reason?"

"If I can persuade everybody else to live on vegetables, perhaps eggs and beef will become cheap enough for me to have all I want of them."—*Washington Star.*

First young blood—"These—aw—these dances are fearful."

Second young blood—"Awfully fearful."

First young blood—"The worst of it is one feels so awful."

Second young blood—"Oh! fearfully awful."—*Black and White.*

Evans' Ale

Its Rich Bouquet
Its Creamy Head
Its Mellow Flavor
Its Perfect Condition

Have made it the unrivalled beverage that it is.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I understand that the bookmakers will soon be back after more money?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"I want you to promise me to quit promising to quit playing the races. I am tired of being disappointed."—*Washington Star.*

Henry—"Was the conversation good at your wife's dinner?"

George—"I guess so. The women all talked small talk and the men all talked big talk."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

"He's got the queerest way o' drinkin' his coffee," said the Chicagoan.

"Out of his saucer, I suppose," remarked Gotham.

"Of course; but I say he does it in a queer way. He holds his thumb underneath and his four fingers on top of the rim."—*Philadelphia Press.*

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.*
GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

Billing—"What is the best way of telling whether a woman is really beautiful or not?"

Willing—"Just notice whether she is standing or sitting in a street-car."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Milo

The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

At your club or dealer's

AROMATIC DELICACY—MILDNESS—PURITY

CHICAGO'S THEATER TRAIN—11.30 P. M.—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Without Fault

Aside from its maturity, purity, quality,

Hunter Whiskey

has that rare, old, aromatic flavor that gratifies and satisfies.

A taste the most refined
Which lingers on the palate
And leaves no fault to find

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"He pretends to be a philosopher."

"Yes; but I notice one peculiar thing about his philosophy."

"What's that?"

"It is only other people's hard luck that he is able to accept philosophically."
—*Chicago Post.*

THEY ARE SIXTY-SEVEN.

I met a little Mormon girl;
She was just eighteen, she said.
Her hair was dressed with one big curl
That dangled from her head.

She had a simple way and bland;
Her speech was soft and cool,
And in her honest, widespread hand
She bore a milking stool.

"How many children, little maid,
Are in your family?"
"How many? Sixty-seven," she said,
And shyly looked at me.

Her hazel eyes to mine she raised,
And then she cast them down.
"I did not ask," I said, amazed,
"The census of your town.

"How many children 'round your door
Disport in childish glee?"
"Just sixty-seven," she said once more,
And smiled again at me.

"Forty of us at Provo dwell;
At Ogden there are nine;
The good ship Jane, they sail her well—
Twelve brothers, dear, of mine."

"I see at last. Your meaning 's clear,"
Said I, with laughter merry;
"Is it an orphanage, my dear,
Or a female seminary?"

"My father kind is drawing near,"
The little maid replied;
He's been to roam; he's bringing home
Another brand-new bride.

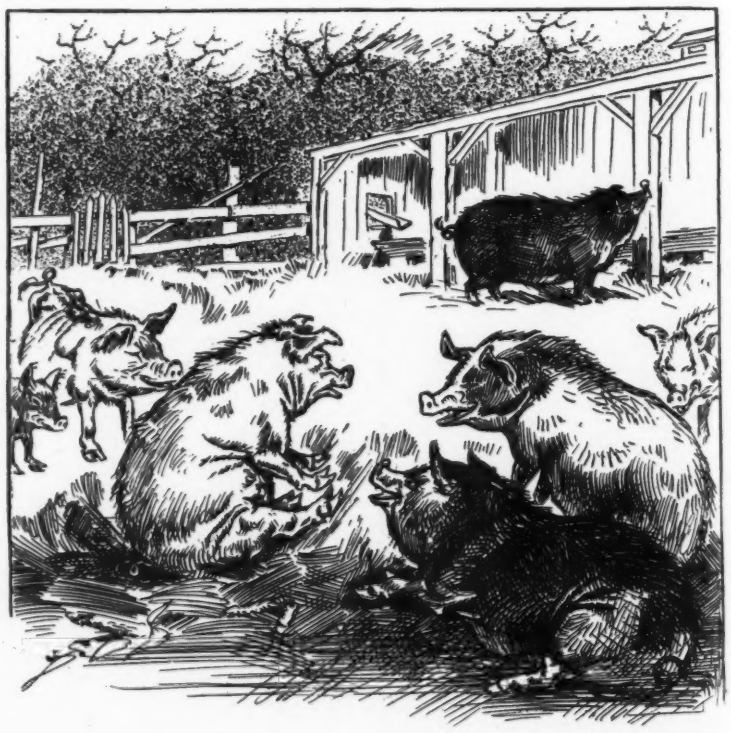
"With father dear we dwell at peace;
Our mothers are eleven;
'Round every door there's room for more
And we are sixty-seven."

And then I left in dumb dismay
The maid with eyes like heaven;
But as I left I heard her say,
"And I'm the oldest, by the way,
Of all the sixty-seven."
—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!



THE IRONY OF THE OSTRACIZED.

THE PLEBEIAN PORKER—"That would-be 'blue blood' wearies one. The moment he heard that 'with the first settlers on the Mayflower was a drove of hogs,' he immediately claimed direct lineage and will no longer wallow in the same puddle with anybody. Ugh! he'll be alleging an escutcheon and coat-of-arms next."

Leslie's Weekly

Oldest and yet youngest illustrated paper in America

Every part of the paper of human interest

Jasper's hints to money-makers alone are worth ten times the subscription price

$4 per Year $1 for 3 Months

LESLIE'S WEEKLY
225 FOURTH AVENUE - - - NEW YORK

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 SHOES

UNION MADE — BEST IN THE WORLD

$10,000.00 REWARD will be paid to any one who can prove that W. L. Douglas does not make and sell more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

The reason W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are worn by more men in all stations of life than any other make is because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other $3.50 shoe.

2,473,464 PAIRS OF FINE SHOES WERE MADE AND SOLD BY W. L. DOUGLAS IN 1903.

"For years I could not believe it possible to make a first-class shoe for $3.50, until at last I tried a pair of your $3.50 shoes. I am now convinced that W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the best in the world for the money."—Merritt L. Brown, with Knox, the Hatter, New York.

W. L. Douglas High-Grade Boys' Shoes, $2.00 and $1.75.

Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his $3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded everywhere to be the finest patent leather yet produced.

Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively.

Douglas has the largest men's $3.50 Shoe Mail Order Business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. State size and width; narrow, medium or wide toe; with or without cap on toe; kind of leather desired; congress, lace or button. 25c. extra prepays delivery.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, Douglas shoes are within your reach. If you desire further information before purchasing, write for Illustrated Catalogue.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 148 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

The culmination of progressive enterprise

Two-Speed Gear, Coaster Brake

CHAINLESS BICYCLES

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one catalogue mailed on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

Western Dept. Chicago, Ill. — Eastern Dept. Hartford, Conn.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

FOR A CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL IT HAS NO EQUAL

COOK'S Imperial Extra Dry CHAMPAGNE

SERVED EVERYWHERE

"He's what I call a budding genius."

"Who? Bragg?"

"Yes; like all budding things, he's inclined to blow."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Michigan Summer Resorts"

—AND—

"Michigan East Coast Resorts"

Two booklets of information of interest to those who are searching for

Places to Spend the Summer

Write to H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILROAD

DETROIT, MICHIGAN,

For copies of these booklets and

Fishing and Hunting in Michigan

HIS HUMBLE WISHES.

A vine-clad cabin where I see
That spring 's a rosy winner;
Some one to split the rails for me,
And also cook the dinner.

And willing hands
Of toughest toil,
To till for me
The answering soil.

The birds to play my music—free—
Some friend, of temper sunny,
To manage all the mules for me,
And rob the hives of honey.

To pay the fiddler—
Night or day,
While I'm just dancing
Life away!

Oh, thus serenely let me live
In sweet simplicity,
And if there's any more to give,
Just put it down for me!

I only ask,
In life's bright beams,
The world to fan me
In my dreams!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

New arrival—"What do the citizens out here think of the war between Russia and Japan?"

Amber Pete—"Oh, they're tickled to death. Why, three cowboys were shot out here last week in an argument as to whether it was Corea or Korea."—*Chicago News.*

"I'd hate to feel," she said, "that I was the wife of a man who had bought me simply for my beauty."

"Yes," her friend replied; "I don't blame you. Being married to a blind man would be awfully disagreeable, I should think."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Lady—"I think you are the worst-looking tramp I have ever seen."

Tramp—"Ma'am, it's only in the presence of such uncommon beauty that I looks so bad!"—*Scraps.*

Patience—"What reason had she for marrying him?"

Patrice—"Why, he had money."

Patience—"That is not a reason; that is an excuse."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

RED TOP RYE

GOOD WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

OVERHEARD AT A DANCE.

HE—"Ripping floor this. I love it!"

SHE (*dryly*)—"Then why dance on my feet.

—*Punch.*

MOTOR BOATS

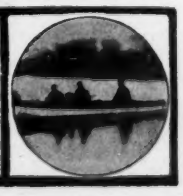
Auto Launches, Steam and Sail Yachts, Row Boats, Canoes.

For SPEED—PLEASURE—BUSINESS.

Beautiful, Reliable, Economical, Simple, Safe.

Our 64-page catalog gives the truth in detail about the best and cheapest Boats built. Agencies in all principal cities. Write to-day. Address

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., (Box J), MUSKEGON, MICH.



All over the civilized world

THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

IS KNOWN and WORN

Every Pair Warranted

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

ALWAYS EASY

Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.

Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

100 VISITING CARDS Post paid **35c**

Correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Booklet "Card Style" Free! Also business, professional and fraternal cards. We have cuts of emblems for all societies.

E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. & ENG. CO., DEPT. 49 ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE FINEST

Silk is not mixed with cheap fibre.

Old Crow Rye

is not mixed with cheap whiskey. Sold only in our registered bottles.

H. B. KIRK & CO., Sole Bottlers, N. Y.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have found out something about horse-racing."

"What is that?"

"The idea of the game is not so much to pick a winner as to be able to explain why most of your selections happened to be beaten."—*Washington Star.*

The Barry EASTER CARDS

"SOMETHING DIFFERENT"

FRANK BARRY, HERKIMER, N. Y.

"Was your elopement with Miss Goldberg a success?"

"Hardly."

"What went wrong?"

"Her father, the millionaire, sent us a telegram saying, 'Do not return and all will be forgiven.'"—*London Telegraph.*

The Venus of Milo explained what became of her arms.

"I used to hang on the car-straps," she said, simply "and they just wore out."

Corporate greed, fearing an exposure, has long hushed up this mystery of art.—*New York Sun.*

GOLD SEAL

An American

CHAMPAGNE

for Epicures.

Special Dry—Brut.

Sparkling wine from the pick of home vineyards.

Equals the French in delicacy of bouquet and flavor and costs only one-half. Why pay heavy import duties for foreign labels?

GOLD SEAL is sold everywhere and is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and cafés. It is the favorite banquet champagne.

URBANA WINE CO.,

URBANA, N. Y., Sole Makers.

All men may be born equal, but the diffrunce begins mighty soon arterwards. —*Four-Track News.*

Ethel—"Why were you in such a hurry about proposing to Jack Poorman?"

Maude—"Well, you see I got a tip that his wealthy aunt, who is very sick, had remembered him in her will to the extent of half a million."—*Chicago News.*

Knicker—"Lucky fellow, Jones."

Bocker—"Yes. He dreamed he spent a day in Japan, and now the publishers are bringing out his profusely illustrated study of the country."—*New York Sun.*

They's allus room at the top, but some people don't reckernize the top when they git there.—*Four-Track News.*

Get strength of bone and muscle, purify the system with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. All druggists.

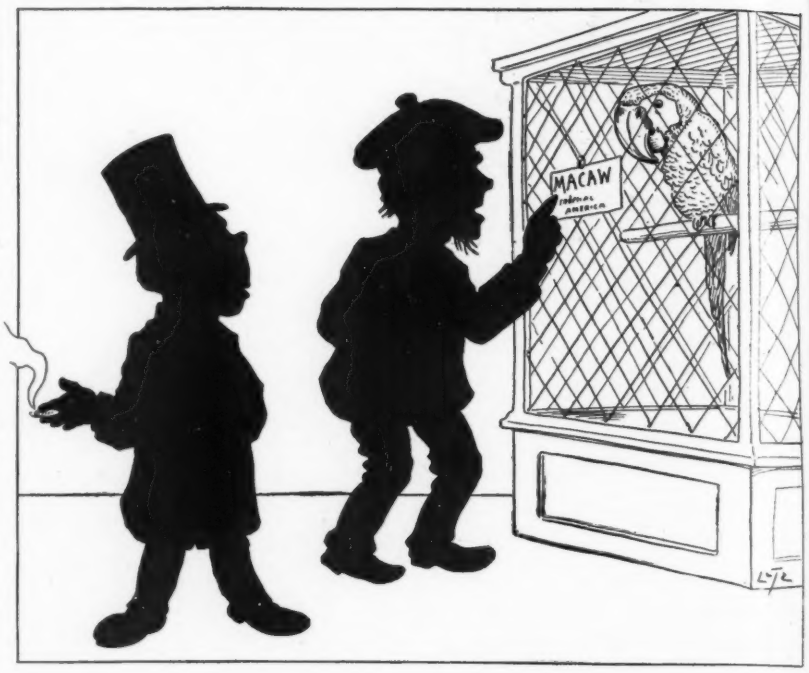
First patient (at the fashionable springs)—"What are you here for?"

Second patient—"To flesh up a little. And you?"

First patient—"To reduce my weight." —*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Algy—"Ya-as, Miss van Twiller, I am weally quite a chef."

Miss van Twiller—"Impossible. Our cooks always leave."—*New York Sun.*



ONE OF THE MAC'S.

PATRICK—"Phwat's th' name av th' bur-rd, Sandy?"

SANDY—"Macaw."

PATRICK—"G'lang wid vez! A bur-rd wid a nose loike thot named McAugh? Rade th' soign agin, Sandy."

BALL-POINTED PENS

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch or spurt

Made in England of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING

Buy an assorted sample box of **24** *pens for* **25 cts.**, *and choose a pen to suit your hand. Having found one, stick to it!*

POST FREE FROM

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

or any Stationery Store.

The Real Madame Du Barry; Her Confessions and Memoirs,

AT LESS Than HALF Price—The Only Unexpurgated and Unabridged Edition.

CUT HERE, AND DO IT TO-DAY

J. B.
Chadbourne,
11 East 16th St.,
New York.

Please send me particulars—advertisement in April 16 JUDGE.

Name.....

Address.....

FROM Henry of Navarre to and through the reign of Du Barry (whose personal memoirs occupy four of the volumes) this set of books covers the back-stairs-and-kitchen-gossip side of French Court history, much as Guizot covers its outward manifestations. And where so much was set afoot with secret and obscure design, where so little was open and above-board, where boudoir counsels dictated treaties and the wounded vanity of favorites instigated campaigns, where a low-born woman's caprice could send forth the torch to lay waste the half of Europe, it is impossible to comprehend the curious events of history without knowing the intimate details of those underlying causes. It is characteristic of these Memoirs that in dealing with the peculiar affairs which are associated in every one's mind with French Court history of the period, their very simplicity and frankness purge them of all offense.

The undersigned controls a few sets of these personal French Court Memoirs (translated with fidelity into English), which can be secured, in complete sets only, at a very low price, and on small monthly payments, if preferred, provided application be made at once.

These few copies are from a limited numbered and registered *de luxe* edition, bound up to sell at $10.00 a volume. But through a binder's error the leather of the volumes is imperfectly matched; consequently it becomes advisable to dispose of them outside the regular subscription channels, and at a price about equal to the value of the unbound sheets.

A booklet fully describing the edition will be sent *by mail*, together with price particulars, if you sign and send the inquiry slip at *once*.

Some Startling Facts

About That Twentieth Century Profession—Advertising. Big Salaries Paid—Bright Prospects for Beginners

A billion a year! That sum, The New York *Times* tells us, is spent in this country for advertising. The business has had a most remarkable growth during the past ten years. One hundred thousand men and women are now engaged in directing the expenditure of that vast sum. There's a fast growing need for people qualified to do this work well. Many are now

Waking up to the Fact

that it's a very remunerative and uncrowded profession.

I invite my pupils to ask questions with the assurance that they will be clearly answered.

Next fall and winter there will surely be any number of good positions seeking competent ad-writers. Begin *now* and I'll have you ready for one of them.

Now, remember the demand is not for those who can string together a few high-sounding words, and who have but a smattering of types. The market is full of that kind. But storekeepers and manufacturers everywhere are seeking really well-informed men and women to prepare and place their business-bringing publicity—well-trained men and women who know how the subject can be most profitably handled. In short, for the kind of advertising people I am graduating.

Just a moment! Is that only idle brag—talk of the same character as that you've read perhaps many times before? Then let the records prove the truth of that statement by the successes my graduates have uniformly made. And this interesting and important fact: This school

Never Lost a Student

because of dissatisfaction with its system of instruction. *It has enrolled many who have experimented with other courses.*

That's not because as an advertising man I am better than all others—there are doubtless many men that are abler than I. But my *system* is superior—superior, because by it pupils are guaranteed personal instruction; because I am conscientiously and constantly studying the requirements of each pupil; because that pupil is taught as if he, or she, were the only one I had.

Of course, by my methods I can't teach as *many* people as some institutions. Nor do I intend to try. I am seeking by this announcement to enroll just thirty pupils to take the place of those who will graduate this month. Do you wish to become a pupil? Write to me and we'll talk about the terms.

ELMER HELMS,

Formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker.

11 East 16th Street, Room 115, New York

CAVES OF

CALIFORNIA

California has numerous natural bridges, caves, etc., of no little interest. The Mammoth Cave of Calaveras; the Alabaster Cave; the Crystal Palace Cave, containing a number of subterranean apartments, such as the Bridal Chamber, the Crystal Palace Room, and the wonderful Music Hall.

The pleasantest, shortest and quickest route to these scenes is via

UNION PACIFIC

AND

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

FASTEST TIME
SHORTEST LINE
SMOOTHEST TRACK

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.

UNION PACIFIC

Omaha, Neb.

To sweetly wedge your way into her affections keep her well provided with

Whitman's

Chocolates and Confections

Sold everywhere.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1516 Chestnut St., Phila.

"We used to think she was a lazy girl."

"Yes; that was when she was poor."

"How about it now?"

"Why, now that she is rich we merely note the evidence of lassitude and ennui."
—*Chicago Post.*

Pears'

is not only the best soap for toilet and bath but also for shaving. Pears was the inventor of shaving-stick soap.

Established over 100 years.

Take Time Today and we will send you this beautiful gold watch

FREE

if you will send us an order for 20 lbs. New Crop, 60c. Tea, or 20 lbs. Baking Powder, 45c. a lb., or an assorted order Teas and B.P., or 60 lbs. Bomosa Coffee, 33c. a lb. COUPONS, which can be exchanged for many Magnificent Premiums, given with every 25c. worth of Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, Spices and Extracts. Send today for our Premium List, prices and directions.

The Great American Tea Co.
Box 290, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 12, Lebanon, Ohio.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 22, 24, and 26 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER

WHAT KOUROPATKIN WILL DO TO JAPAN.

When great Kouropatkin, so fierce and so bold,
Goes swaggering forth like a Titan of old,
Oh, the earth will be wrenched from its course and the sea,
When he's through, will spread out where Japan used to be.

Like the cyclone that ruthlessly rips up the town,
Like the awful volcano that showers death down,
Like the thunder and lightning he threatens to go,
Leaving nothing but stains where he corners the foe.

The ships of the Japs will be strewn on the tide;
He will break them in two and look at them inside;
He will chew up their guns and kick over their forts,
And the world will be awed when he files his reports.

The blue waves will roll where the temples now stand
On the fairy-like heights in Chrysanthemum Land,
And the Jappies must soon be but air-haunting ghosts
If bold Kouropatkin's as great as his boasts.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"I wonder where they get enough money to pay for all the wars?" said Mrs. Dumleigh.

"I'm not sure, my dear," replied Dumleigh, "but I imagine the map publishers furnish it."—*Chicago News.*

"The Biltons are in very much reduced circumstances."

"How do you know?"

"Well, Bilton has resigned from his club and Mrs. Bilton has stopped going to church."—*Town Topics.*

Why Miller Brews

"THE BEST"

Milwaukee Beer

Because they purchase the best materials obtainable in the world's market.

Because they employ the most capable and skilled masters in the art of brewing.

Because their plant is fitted out with all the latest improvements and machinery known to the brewing world.

Because of their unexcelled method of cleanliness their beer is noted for its absolute purity.

Fifty Years of Experience.

Why not secure a sample and have your physician pass on the quality?

We invite comparison, because we want you to know that

Miller Brews

"The Best" Milwaukee Beer

MILLER BREWING CO., Milwaukee, U.S.A.

FIRST STUDENT—"Pop sent me ten dollars. Said he hoped I would expend it profitably."

SECOND STUDENT—"Did you?"

FIRST STUDENT—"Partly. I put two cents of it into a postage-stamp to write him for more."

ONLY FRESHLY MADE

Cocktails Have the Correct Flavor,

but they must contain that most delightful of all aromatic tonics, the genuine imported

Dr. Siegert's ANGOSTURA BITTERS

A delicious flavoring for lemonade, lemon ice, soda water, sherry and all liquors.

THE BEST APPETIZER

J. W. WUPPERMANN,
Sole Agent, NEW YORK, N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

MADE AT KEY WEST

Popular Reading

Fun for the Millions

JUDGE'S LIBRARY MAGAZINE
Ten Cents a Copy

SIS HOPKINS' OWN BOOK
Ten Cents a Copy

JUDGE'S QUARTERLY
Twenty-five Cents a Copy

JOEL JARVIS'S JAY JOKES
Ten Cents a Copy

Any of the above by mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address JUDGE, New York

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

PRESS OF SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHOGRAPHING AND PRINTING COMPANY, NEW YORK.

AN EXCITED THOUGHT.

MRS. GARRIGAN (*after the crash*)—"Did yez moind Pat Casey firin' thot brick through our windy?"
MR. GARRIGAN (*wildly*)—"Yis. Sorra th' luck it didn't hit th baby. We cud hov had him arristed."

COPYRIGHT 1903 BY JUDGE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co., New York.

HE WAS ON TAP.

COLONEL SCHWEIFOOS—"Vhere vos you vhen der guard vos making hees roundts before yet?"
SENTINEL—"I vos on picket, kernal, ouf you bleese."
COLONEL SCHWEIFOOS—"You vos nit on picket!"
SENTINEL—"Oxkuse me, kernal (hic): I mean (*s*)picket."